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MOHAVE COUNTY MINER

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"SOMEBODY'S MOTHER."

The woman was old and ragged and gray, And bent with the chill of a winter's day.

The street was wet with the winter's snow, And the woman's feet were aged and slow. She stood at the crossing and waited long, Alone, uncared for amid the throng.

Of human beings who passed her by, Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye. Down the street, with laughter and shout, Glad in the freedom of school let out, Came the boys like a flock of sheep, Hailing the snow, piled white and deep.

Past the woman, so old and gray, Hastened the children on their way, Nor offering a helping hand to her, So weak, so timid, afraid to stir,

Leaving the carriage wheels or horses' feet Should crowd her down in the slippery street. And last came one of the merry group, The gayest lad of all the group.

He paused beside her, and whispered low: "I'll help you across if you wish to go." Her aged hand on his strong young arm She placed, and without hurt or harm

He guided her trembling feet along, Proud that his own were firm and strong. Then back again to his friends he went, His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know, For she's old and poor and slow; And I hope some fellow will lend a hand To help my mother, you understand."

"If ever she's old and poor and gray, When her own dear boy is far away, And 'somebody's mother' bent low her head In her home that night, and the prayer she said

Was, 'God be kind to that noble boy Who is 'somebody's son and pride and joy.'"
—Home Journal

War Generals.

How They Live in the Days of Peace.

Only eighteen years ago the Rebellion closed," said an old army officer to me the other day, "but the generals of the war are fast going out of sight." Then he went on to say: "Meade, Thomas, Hooker, Garfield, Kilpatrick, Burnside and Halleck are dead. The next few years will see that list lengthened. General Grant is well on toward 70. He comes to Washington often and walks quietly about the streets, with his cigar in his mouth, better dressed than when he was President and looking as if life agreed with him. Sherman is 64 and he looks older, but the family is hardy and he is liable to see 1000. The youngest of all the great leaders is Sheridan, now to command the army, and he is but 51. Sheridan was a Major-General at 30. Fitz-John Porter appears here every winter—a little old gentleman, who looks back to twenty years of disgrace. His old commander, McClellan, now a rotund man with bending shoulders, has not changed much of late. He is rich and entertains well in his New York city home, but the activity of his life is over. He still lives to tell the story of his campaigns. Pleasanton, the hero of a hundred cavalry fights, lives quietly here and can be found any day reading the papers in one of the offices on Newspaper row. His hair and mustache are white and his voice gentle as a woman's.

You can say the same of Rosecrans, the idol of the Army of the Cumberland. He and his wife live, almost unnoticed, on Capitol Hill during the time he spends here performing his duties as a California Congressman. His complexion is like a youth's and his hair, with a military cut, white as snow. The man commanded 100,000 men at Chickamauga, but seemed abashed at the confusion in Congress, and seldom rises to speak. Generals Hawley and Logan are the two other most distinguished Generals in Congress. Both are 57 years old. General Rosecrans will be re-enforced this winter by an old companion in the western armies, General Slocum of Brooklyn. He has been in Congress before. He served, I believe, four years soon after the close of the war. General Sickles is practicing law in New York and Stone man is Governor of California. Doubleday, who was in Fort Sumter when it was fired upon, lives in New York and is writing a book; while Humphreys, Hunter and Crittenden may be seen almost any day about this city, where they own fine houses and live handsomely on the retired list. Fremont is no longer rich. He and his wife, Jessie Benton Fremont, are forgotten in crowded New York. The General whom the Vermont troops worshipped, Geo. J. Stannard, with one arm gone and

half a dozen wounds, sits up at the Capitol during the session, tending the door of the members' gallery of the House.—New York Star.

The Atlantic and Pacific.

There is much speculation among investors and others interested in railways as to the future position of the Atlantic and Pacific railway. As is well known, the controlling interest in this road is jointly owned by St. Louis and San Francisco and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe companies, and its line forms a connecting tangent to those of the Atchison system and the Southern Pacific, which cross each other at Deming, many miles to the southward of the Atlantic and Pacific. The St. Louis and San Francisco and the Southern Pacific being closely allied, the extension of the Atlantic and Pacific to the Pacific coast, as originally contemplated, was stopped when the Needles were reached, and a branch of the Southern Pacific built to connect with it. Meantime, the California Southern railway has been built by Boston capital from San Diego to Colton, Cal., and was to have been continued to a junction with the Atlantic and Pacific. The termination for the present at least, of the latter road at the Colorado River, leaves the California Southern with its eastern end in the air. The reports that this road is to be sold to the Southern Pacific are very distasteful to the Boston capitalists, whose interests are largely concerned with both the Atchison and California Southern and have received the counter rumors that the Atchison people will purchase the California Southern and connect it with the Atlantic and Pacific, thus giving the Atchison virtually a line of its own to the Pacific Coast. Of course such a move would be vigorously fought by the Southern Pacific, and doubtless by the St. Louis and San Francisco also. As the majority of the Atlantic and Pacific stock—over \$51,000,000—is pooled in the hands of three Trustees, and must be voted as a unit by them, it is apparent that the Atlantic and Pacific must remain neutral in the matter. It is a bone of contention and can take no more part in the fight between the big railway dogs than any other bone. The \$3,300,000 of stock to be issued on the completion of the road, to the subscribers for "blocks" is another matter about which much speculation has been indulged. The Seligman syndicate of New York has the option of "calling" the balance on these stocks, or of giving them up to the subscribers, and thus far no indication has been given as to which course the syndicate will pursue. Altogether, Atlantic and Pacific will continue to be an interesting problem for some time to come.—Boston Advertiser.

The Cœur d'Alene Placer.

A correspondent writes to the Oregonian from Eagle City, I. T., on the 21st ultimo: I send you the latest news from the gold fields. They are beyond doubt the richest diggings discovered in the past twenty years, nuggets being taken out the size of hen eggs, and claims are being jumped every day. Gold quartz leads have been discovered that will astonish the old 49ers. One lead was found last week which is being guarded by armed men night and day, as every piece of quartz brought to the surface shows the gold plain to the naked eye. A saw mill is needed, as also new stocks of provisions, but the drawback is limited transportation from the post Cœur d'Alene, which is the nearest supply depot. There is only one steamboat plying on the lake, and that belongs to the government. There is work for at least three steamboats. A good opportunity is presented for a store or two in the town of Cœur d'Alene, through which every miner has to pass. The only store is the post trader's, and there is no other store within twelve miles. It is certain that thousands of men will flock to the new El Dorado next spring. Pack trains are flocking in every day. The trail from the wagon road is good. Parties leaving here reach the post in two days. The officers and crew of the government boat are very courteous and obliging, and any body lucky enough to secure passage on the boat will never regret it. Those who are left have to take teams over the Mullan road, and must stop over several times on

the route. The first place after leaving the town of Cœur d'Alene is Wolf Lodge, where there are ample supplies for man and beast. The next place is the Mission, where one may have to wait on account of the crowds arriving there by steamboat. You then strike Mud Prairie, where a store is located. A night's stop is made at Doc Mastersous, at the foot of the trail, where you get your last square meal, and hay and oats for your horses. I should advise miners to bring along a saddle, as horses can be had, but no saddles. From Mastersous the Indians take you into camp for \$6, and your provisions for \$4 per 100 pounds.

Petroleum Fuel.

Much experimenting has been made in the direction of utilizing petroleum as a fuel in mining, metallurgical and other operations, and while encouragement in some instances has been given that success would ultimately result from continuous experiments, the practical achievements so far have not been of particular value, but it is evident that the problem will be successfully solved and important advances made in this direction. The latest movement to this end is by a company established in Boston, which has all the patents covering the inventions of Mr. R. V. Avery, and from the tests made of this process, it is confidently expected that the cost of the production of iron may be decreased at least one-third, and will also prove a valuable desideratum in mining camps where fuel is an important factor in smelting operations. As we understand under the Avery patents petroleum can be used in furnaces for manufacturing and smelting purposes, and will make a marked improvement in this line of industry.

It is stated that any stack furnace may be remodeled for the use of petroleum under these patents. Those most interested in the matter have every confidence in its successful operation, and it success will mark a new era in the regions which produce low-grade ore principally. The fuel question has been of the utmost importance in all manufacturing and metallurgical operations, and anything that tends to a practical solution of this great problem is sure to meet with immediate favor.

Sheridan at Stone River.

A story of the battle of Stone River illustrates the devil-may-care bravery of General Sheridan. He and General Wood each commanded a column, and each strove to see if he could reach the summit of the mountain before the other. Sheridan rode in front of his ranks under the fire of shot and shell, encouraging his men and swearing at the enemy like a fiend incarnate, bearing a charmed life. Twenty rebel batteries were turned upon his troops, but he scorned the danger. At one time he took a canteen of whisky from his belt, and, filling a cup, he raised it in the air and yelled, as he held it out towards Bragg's headquarters, 'How are you Mr. Bragg?' Just then, as he was moving it to his lips, a rifle ball struck it and took whisky and all away. 'That's damned ungenerous,' he said, and unmovably rushed on to battle. His horse was killed. He jumped from the dying steed, and led the rest of the charge on foot. He was the first man on the top of the mountain, and he jumped on to one of the guns which his soldiers had captured, and shouted for joy and swore at the enemy in turn.—Cleveland Herald.

Served Her Right.

It was in Paris: An elegant lady goes out shopping. While she is engaged there is a heavy fall of rain. The streets are flooded, and to add to her distress her carriage stands on the far side of a large open square which has become a lake. She signals to the driver, but the horses being young will not face the water. She stands on the edge of the curb stamping her little feet and not knowing what to do. A gentleman passes and he takes in the situation at a glance. Throwing his cigar aside he steps up to the lady, seizes her delicately by the waist, plunges into the tide and lands her safely on the lower step of her carriage door. Recovering from her astonishment, she turns round and natters 'Insolence!' The gentleman loses no time, but

steps back to the lady, seizes her by the waist, plunges into the tide, and lands her where she stood before. He then takes off his hat, bows politely and walks away. Verdict: Served her right.

Gladys and Harold.

Harold leads her to a fauteuil and kneels in his beautiful glad manhood beside her. "May I kiss you?" he murmurs. She does not speak, but the love-light in her eyes makes answer more eloquently than could any words. For a moment she closes her eyes, as one faint with a bliss whose keenness makes it cross the borderline and become pain, and so is gathered into his strenuous embrace. For one second she lies on his heart, for one second the breath of her sweet sighs stirs his hair. Their faces are bearing each other slowly, in the sweet luxury of a passionate delay to make yet more poignant the pleasure of the supreme meeting at last. When suddenly Harold starts to his feet. Gladys springs from the fauteuil. "My God!" she cries, what is the matter?" Bending over her and pressing her closely to him, Harold whispers in low, strained tones: "I have broken my suspender."

The Tucson Star is afraid that certain influences will be brought to bear on Congress tending to make a State of Arizona, and wants delegate Oury to fight against its admission. We are tired of being under the government of played out politicians and want Arizona to put on the robes of statehood as soon as possible, and then she will build up twice as fast, we can elect our own officers and hold them accountable for their actions. We can have a voice in the election of the President of the United States, and then when we are in agony to be saved from the murderous Apache we will have Senators and Congressmen to enforce our rights. We say to you, Mr. Oury, if there is any possible chance to get Arizona in as a State, use your best endeavors.—Benson Herald.

An Oregon editor, who knows what he is talking about, says: Advertising pays better as an investment than stocks, railroads or gold mines, is far more safe, requires less capital and has no "bulls" or "bears" in its market. Pay! Of course it does. Whoever heard of a merchant that advertised largely that did not do a good business, or of one who did not advertise that did not go to the dogs or bankruptcy? Pay! It does much good, proclaims your goods from the house top, and brings all the customers you can accommodate. Pay! Try it liberally, and you will find it the sun that shines upon your hay-making.

A company has been formed by Mexican capitalists, called the Compania Mexicana Transatlantica, which will run several lines of steamships across the Atlantic, one line plying between New York and Liverpool. A fleet of vessels is being constructed on the Clyde; the pioneer of the line—a fast iron steamship of 4,150 tons, called the Tamahipas—has already arrived at Liverpool, and others are on the stocks. This is the statement made by the New York Times. Has it come to this—that Mexicans are competing with Europeans for the carrying trade of the United States, while our own people stand idly by and are unable to make head against the foreigners?—Alta California.

ONLY A BABY.—This is a baby. It is a girl baby. How sloppy its chin is! How red its eyes. What horrid contortions it makes with its face! See how savagely it kicks! How sour it smells! How like a demon it yells! Yet in a few short years some man will be half-crazed with wild suspense, worshipping the very air this being breathes, devoutly kneeling at her feet and frantically begging for one word, one pressure of the hand, even a look, which will give him hope.—Philadelphia Call.

A man was found lying dead in front of a wash basin on the third floor of an up-town dwelling. As the water was running, it is supposed that the shock of the discovery killed him.

The tramp who says he wants ten cents for whisky places himself above suspicion. No need to follow him to see if he immediately spends the money for bread.

Professor Newton publishes the very interesting information that "the earth receives about three billion of meteors every year, but they only increase the size of the earth one inch in one hundred years." That, of course, don't include the number of meteors a man sees floating around through space after he has stepped on an orange peel and emphatically and suddenly laid the back of his head on a stone sidewalk. No man yet been able to count them.

Engineers at Mayence have found the remains of the bridge that Charlemagne built over the Rhine near the close of the eighth century and have already removed more than fifty of the piles, from fifteen to eighteen feet long, on which it rested. The timber is so well preserved that it is still fit for building purposes, while the iron that was riveted to the piles has only a thin coat of rust to show the lapse of more than a thousand years.

A prisoner was once tried before Baron Anderson for stealing a saw, and in his defence urged that he only took it in a joke. "And pray prisoner how far might you carry it from the prosecutor's house?" asked the Judge. "Perhaps two miles, my lord." "Ah, that was carrying a joke a good deal too far, so the sentence of the Court upon you is that you be kept to hard labor for two months."

Jack Moore of Union City, Ky., was bitten by a mad dog. He went to Mr. Burgen, who owns a madstone, to have it applied. It stuck three times. After each application it was boiled in fresh sweet milk, to which it gave a greenish tinge. The fourth time it would not stick, and the patient was pronounced cured. Mr. Moore is convinced of the efficacy of the cure.

Miss B. had told the servant to say she was unwell if any gentleman called, and when the bell rang the girl met the visitor. "Is Miss B. in?" he asked. "Yes, sir, but she is sick." "Ah, indeed! I hadn't heard it. What's the matter?" "I guess as how it must be you sir, for she was well enough before you called."

"Never mind, my young 'kid, I'm going up to see your mother about this." "That's all right," yelled back the small boy, "you just go right along up there. Pa filled a man full of buckshot the other day for going to see my ma."

The difference between advertising and advertiser is, the former always pays while the latter sometimes does not.

Gustav Billing SMELTING WORKS.

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